Mozart *the* Archangel *of* Music

By Rupert Hughes.

PARIS and operatic revolutions had an unpleasant meaning to Mozart. He was never a revolutionist; he was an angel. He was not worried about tearing down old institutions and building up new. Institutions did not interest him. Music did. We find Gluck and Wagner and others troubled with the worn-out follies of established methods and mad to substitute for them something more logical. Mozart simply sang. He wrote grand operas and comic operas. He put comic elements into his grand operas and grand elements into his comic operas. He wrote a Masonic opera. He wrote almost anything that came along. He founded no school. He found himself

He was only thirty-five when he said: "I have the taste of death on my tongue, I smell the grave." His body was dumped into the Potter's field in a furious rain-storm that drove away what few mourners followed his hearse. But he had committed to immorality those great operas: "The Elopement from the Seraglio," "The Marriage of Figaro," "Don Giovanni," "Cosi fan Tutte" and "The Magic Flute."

What miracles might not Mozart have wrought had he lived, as Wagner did, to his full three score and ten. Mozart's half-portion of a life was full of ups and downs, mainly downs. He was often without food; he was without fuel, and he and his wife waltzed together to keep warm. He was kicked down-stairs like a disgraced servant. His last composition was a Requiem, written to be signed by another man. When he was dying, his doctor, whom he owed too much money, refused to leave the theatre to attend him. And he went to an unknown grave in the rain alone.

Yet none of these morbid, these shameful and pitiful things, vitiate his music. More than that of any other composer, it is full of seraphic charm, it revels in an aristocratic grace, it is shot through with a strangely golden sunlight. As Vernon Blackburn said: "Poor Mozart! Yet, who is the ordinary man that he should say 'poor' of such an immortal character? It is not likely that he would have given up one golden moment of his glorious inspiration for the comforts of a sultan. He was the golden child of music, scarcely in any sense a revolutionary. He was the glorious link which combined the music of the eighteenth century with the music of the nineteenth; the strictest formalist, the impeccable master of counterpoint, the respecter in every way of traditions, you can see him, as it were, on the tiptoe of the future, bearing in his brilliant soul, and bearing it lightly, all the burdens of the past."—Smith's Magazine.

The Most Famous SPIRIT MEDIUM Can Neither Read Nor Write

By Fremont Rider.

SPIRITISM seems to be no respecter of persons. The power of mediumship may come to a cultured university graduate like William Stainton Moses; it may come to an ignorant Italian peasant woman like Eusapia Paladino. Imagine the latter, heavy featured except for her wonderful dark, liquid eyes, never able to read or write, not able even to speak correct Italian, but using habitually a corruption of the Apulian dialect, but observed for years with interest, almost with awe, by the greatest scholars of Europe.

Eusapia is a Neapolitan, born in 1854 at the tiny village of Minerno-Murge. Left an orphan to the scant if kindly care of friends, while but a baby she received an injury that may have something to do with her mediumistic powers. There is a marked deprssion in her head, the result of that early fall, and during the trance state a cool wind, which often accompanies psychical phenomena, is felt to issue from this "opening."

In this house of her peasant friends her powers first became manifest through the queer antics of furniture and bric-a-brac. But her rise in fame has been spectacular. The humble servant and saleswoman, turned out of her first employment for her ignorance and laziness, is now the protege of nobility—the Duke of the Abruzzi is among her patrons—and the confidante of scientists. Incidentally, her mediumship has made her wealthy.

But she is still the peasant woman, her coarseness softened a little by suffering and by traces of the stress of many seances, her eyes sharpened a little with the native shrewdness of her class.

On one occasion, she was staying with the grand dukes in Saint Petersburg; the grand duchess often sent for her to come and talk to her or keep her company in the drawing-room, but when visitors came she made an imperious sign, showing her the door. Twice Eusapia rather reluctantly obeyed, but at last she rebelled, and, planting herself in front of the princess, she said: "Madame la Grande Duchesse, you doubtless mistake me for a basket which is carried to market when it is required and left in a corner when it is done with. Either I shall remain in the drawing-room with all the visitors, or I shall leave the castle."

And the princess by blood, not to discontent the princess of spiritism, consented that she should remain in the drawing-room.—From 'Are the Dead Alive?" in the Delineator.

A National Art Center.

By Christian Britton.

UNKNOWN to the general public and, until recently, even in higher circles, America has, for over sixty years, possessed a National Gallery of Art. It is true that it required a special decree of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia in 1906, to make the institution an effective working body, but since that time the soil which for so long lay fallow has been tilled with unprecedented results. The successive presentation to the nation within a twelve-month of the Harriet Lane Johnston collection, the Freer collection, and the Evans collection of American paintings has quickened the esthetic pulse of the capital to a degree hitherto undreamed of, and, in order to pave the way for the recognition of Washington as a national art center, there was held at the Corcoran gallery, in the spring of 1907, one of the most impressive exhibitions of native pictures ever assembled in America. This innovation of the trustees of the Corcoran gallery proved a sagacious move, and everything will henceforth be done in order to turn to account the prestige of position which the capital naturally enjoys.—The Century.